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Puck



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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

THE Christmas *Puck* makes its appearance next week. It will be issued at the regular price of ten cents, and in the quality of its contents takes rank with the most brilliant numbers of the Yuletide season. The cover is by Will Houghton, of London, and is charming not only in conception but in its color-handling. Charles Crombie, another English illustrator, contributes a beautiful color subject for the double-page inside. Another color page consists of a "Ballad of Love in London," by Charles Hanson Towne, around which W. H. Barribal and Rodney Thomson have worked a decorative scheme of rare delicacy. Ralph Barton, whose "Puppet Shop" illustrations are a notable feature of *Puck*, is also represented in color. In every respect, the Christmas *Puck* will prove a startling revelation to the army of readers who have learned to expect only the commonplace in the usual "Holiday Number."

PUCK will usher in the new year with an Automobile Number and Anniversary Issue combined; for on January 1 *Puck* celebrates its first year under its new management, and, since this happy event is coincident with the big New York automobile show, it seems proper to mark both occasions fittingly with a special number. As this issue progresses on its editorial course, its strong points become more manifest. Viewed side by side with the New Year's issue of 1914, it presents so complete a change in every phase of publishing that it could hardly be taken for the same periodical. We shall have more to say to you about this Anniversary Issue in subsequent numbers. Advertisers alert for added circulation will not only make a note of this date, but will also schedule copy for the "See America First" Number, on January 30; the Suffrage Number, February 20, and "Who's Who in New York," March 27. These latter two issues will be the winter's most interesting numbers. A three months' trial subscription at \$1.00 includes all of them.

ENTRIES continue to arrive in *Puck*'s prize contest. The sum of \$250.00 will be awarded to the painting best suited for a *Puck* cover received prior to January 1, 1915. In making this award, fifty points will be credited for the *idea*, twenty-five points for the *attention-value* of the painting and twenty-five points for the *technical execution*. In this way we aim to develop a cover with a really big idea behind it. Send in your entry, marked "Prize Contest," and enclose postage or expressage for its possible return.

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Published Every Tuesday (dated the following Saturday)

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 295-309 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., President
H. GRANT STRAUS, Secretary and Treasurer

Editor, HY MAYER
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY
Literary Editor, A. H. POLWELL

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Third Call for Christmas Dinner—

yet the only response is the merry click of the balls as mother banks the number "7"—right into the corner pocket!

"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick.

Father groans—"That finishes me!"

"And it also ends this hunger strike," adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast!

This is the royal sport of *CAROM* or *POCKET BILLIARDS* that thousands of families are playing right at home!

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GRINIGRAMS

"Society" has disappeared, writes a London correspondent. War has its bright side after all.

The ostrich has become a rival of the turkey as the bird of Thanksgiving. Heaven help him who gets the neck!

"Gov. Goethals has signed an order which practically makes the canal a total abstinence waterway." — *Panama wire*.

It can't be done. Culebra Cut was always a "back-slidér."

Professor Taft, while motoring in the Berkshires, had to walk five miles in consequence of a break-down. This is not the first time a machine entrusted with the weight of Taft has broken down. He had a similar experience, if you recall, in 1912.

"Our army will destroy our enemies with Allah's help and the assistance of the Prophet and by the pious prayer of the sovereign." — *The Sultan of Turkey*.

Why lug in Allah and the Prophet? Beside, Allah is merely a cheap Turkish imitation of the genuine made-in-Germany article.

The attitude of the United States in its occupation of Vera Cruz calls to mind the immortal words of an artist who frequently appears in *Gack*: "Now that you've got it, what yer gonna do with it?" "Search me."

General Villa is ambitious to travel. He would like to see something of the world outside of Mexico. Why not give him a roving commission to see what has become of one Cipriano Castro?

In christening her battleships and superdreadnoughts, Great Britain has tapped the dictionary for many of its mightiest adjectives. With the waters full of German mines and submarines, however, adjectives like Careful and Prudent might be better than the more aggressive terms. Better than Audacious, for example.

If the Stock Exchange doesn't open pretty soon, some member may absent-mindedly offer his seat to a strap-hanger

"Oh, I so hope that I do a tremendous business, so I can send a lot of money to the fatherland!" — *Madame Schumann-Heink*.

Made in America!

An enthusiast of the W. C. T. U. predicts a "dry" United States by 1920. Time flies; druggists cannot begin too soon to enlarge their back rooms.

A Norwegian writer, who is not averse to publicity, blames the dance craze for the war. "The Hesitation," at least, should be able to prove an alibi.



"Queen of the Home," say the Anti-Suffragists—
Yes; Queen of a Cook-Stove Throne.

"We willed it; we had to will it. Our might will create a new law for Europe. It is Germany that strikes." — *Maximilian Harden*.

So? What has become of the Silent Partner?

Compared with the husband of a "teacher-mother," the Vice-President of the United States is as prominent as the Woolworth Building.

Among the post-cards received on Fete Day by King Albert, we presume there were several thousand which read: "Having a lovely time. Wish you were with us."

A writer deplores the fact that the bluest blood of England and Germany is being poured out in battle. Deplorable indeed; but the loss of an infinitely greater measure of good red blood is even more to be deplored. In time of peace, Blue Blood consumes; Red Blood produces.

"I am a private citizen of the privatest sort, and I haven't a thing to say about anything." — *T. R.*

At certain seasons of the year the Bull Moose sheds its horns.



VOL. LXXVI. NO. 1970. WEEK ENDING DEC. 5, 1914

We have received several hundreds of letters from College Presidents, Captains of College Football Teams, and Editors of prominent newspapers expressing their views of the College Reserve Army as outlined in *Puck*. We are arranging these letters in the form of a symposium on the College Army. This will appear in an early number. Expressing as it does the views of leaders in the several spheres especially interested, it will prove of unusual interest.

"THE EYES OF THE WORLD"

"Soldiers!" wrote a certain Crown Prince (*at a safe distance from the firing line*), "the eyes of the world are upon you!" Away back before the dawn of history, when a warrior's full-dress uniform was part of the skin of a mammoth, somebody started this thing. He was a canny person, whoever he was—one of the first "jolliers" of human nature. He established a precedent which has come down the ages to modern times without change. Memorandum to "divine-right" militants: "When you want men to fight for you—to leave home, family, occupation, and risk life and limb in battling for something which *you* want—tell them that the eyes of the world are upon them. *They* will do the rest."

Those who are making use of the old formula in the present war dictate it, doubtless, to a military secretary who types it, makes carbon copies or has it printed and stuck up. Formerly, it was written with a quill pen; previous to that, on parchment; still more previously, in clay and then baked. Before the art of writing was thought of, divine-right persons, when they had a stone-axe to grind, swung their arms impressively and delivered the message by word of mouth. Before that, they chattered it from some convenient tree limb. But the message was always the same: "Soldiers, the eyes of the world are upon you!" It was old stuff when the world was young.

It will be noted that "the eyes of the world" are busy elsewhere when peasants and other humble men are engaged in some useful occupation—when they maintain a home, raise and educate a family, and add by their labor to the prosperity and wealth of nations. "The eyes of the world" are upon them only when they are engaged in work of destruction, and, incidentally, and quite probably, when they are losing an arm or a leg, if not life itself, in the process. A man who does his best in game or other outdoor sport simply because people are looking at him and the opportunity is his to "show off," is known as a grandstand player, and he and his kind do not rank high in the estimation of sportsmen. The presence of such men, in fact, is



fatal to effective team-work in sports more frivolous than war, but in war the old order prevaleth. No successful baseball manager would send a man to bat with the words: "Remember! The eyes of the grandstand are upon you!" But Kings and Crown Princes do differently; and they get away with it.

There is little to indicate that reference to the world's optics has lost any of its power to "jolly." Gentlemen (*at a safe distance from the firing line*) proclaim it as confidently in 1914 as ever Napoleon or Caesar did. The Spartans, we are told, put their weaklings to death without ceremony or sentiment, but divine-right royalty know a trick worth two of that. They keep their weaklings, and summoning their strong men from mill, farm and professional life, send them out to death; or, if they escape that, to disablement and

disease. The strong men go, as they have gone for centuries, because "the eyes of the world are upon them." Will they ever insist upon a better reason for being shot?

Between militarism and adequate preparation for war there is a vast difference, although a number of good people profess not to see it. In fearing the former, they ignore the advisability of the latter. Because the argument that preparedness for war is a guarantee of peace, has been exploded for all time, they argue that preparedness for war is, therefore, a discredited theory, and one that should be abandoned. Is it? And should it? Because a boy who knows how to defend himself gets into an occasional fight, does that prove that the art of self-defense is not worth acquiring?



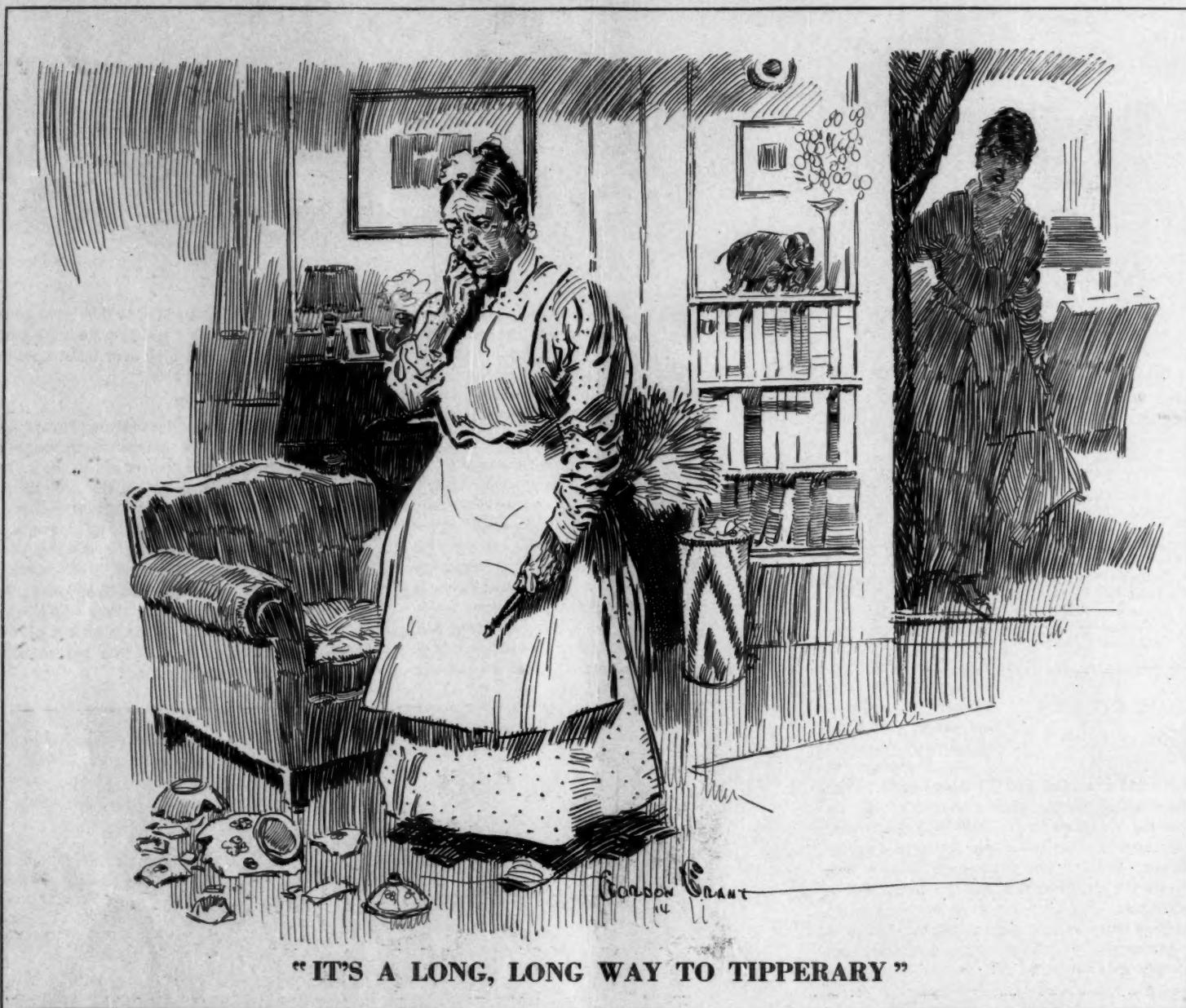
SOLDIERS THREE

TOMMY: I say, Old Top, what are we fighting about?

JEAN: Pourquoi donc, Fritz, nous nous tuons les uns les autres!

FRITZ: Mein Leiber, ja das weiss der Teufel!

Buck



AN AWFUL THREAT

PARSON JOHNSON: De contribution dis morn-ing will be fo' de purpose ob making up de deficit in your pastor's salary! De choir will now sing, and will continue to sing, until de full amount am collected!

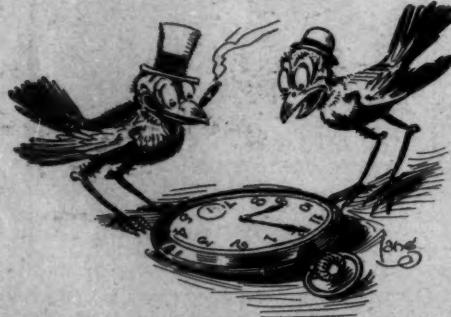
THEIR PUNISHMENT

NEW ARRIVAL (*viewing room full of swiftly-moving dancers*): Who are these people?

DEVIL: Oh, those are the tango nuts.

NEW ARRIVAL: And do they dance that way all the time?

DEVIL (*with a chuckle*): Yes, they have to. We keep the floor so hot they can't stand still on it.



A CROOKED WHEEL

"You can't beat this game! I've bet on the little hand three times, and lost every time!"

UNAPPRECIATED PRAISE

I held her little hand in mine,
She let it lie there for awhile;
I told her that she was divine,
But she would not consent to smile.

I said the sweetest words that I
Could think of while I lingered there;
She listened, but made no reply,
And did not even seem to care.

I praised her cunning dimples, but
She may have held my praises cheap,
For, turning in her crib, she shut
Her weary eyes and went to sleep.

RUINOUS

CRAWFORD: Why do our officials wilfully destroy every natural beauty the city possesses?

CRABSHAW: That gives them a chance in a few years to ask for millions to make the city beautiful.

THEY LOOKED THE SAME

THE STENOG.: What's wrong, sir?

THE BOSS: What I dictated was: "The trouble was caused by damp fuel." I never use profane epithets in correspondence.

ARCHITECTURE

ARCHITECT: Now don't you think it would be well to have a pergola attached to the west side of the house?

NEWLYRICH: On the west side of the house? I guess not. I want that there pergola right in the parlor, and I don't want it attached to nothin'. Put it on wheels so the servants kin slide it out of the way when the guests are through playin' on it and want to tango.

HORRIBLE!

SOCIOLOGIST: I am told that you are interested in prison reform, Mr. Crooker?

BANK-WRECKER (*who did his bit*): You were told something! Why, in all Sing Sing there isn't a cell with a bath!



SENTIMENTAL

"I can't help crying; it's the old rubber boot that poor Dad used to play with."



"COME, KAISER"

A NEWSPAPER DICTIONARY

Burly Negro.—Any colored man arrested.

Engineer.—The man who gets blamed for a railroad accident. (See *probe*.)

Gentleman Burglar.—A thief with a collar. (See *Raffles*.)

Joy Ride.—What precedes an automobile accident. (See *Broker*.)

Loot.—Goods found in a flat in Harlem.

Millionaire.—A man who owns his own home. (See *divorce*.)

Plot.—Something that is thwarted. (See *foil*.)

Pretty Girl.—Any female.

Scanty Attire.—What people escape from burning buildings in.

Sleuth.—A detective in the headlines.

Society Leader.—A woman who returns from Europe.

Twenty-four Hours.—The period in which the police expect to capture the murderer.

INEDIBLE MAN

A Short Sermon

It is a pathetic thought, especially in these times of high prices, that almost the only animal in the universe unfit for consumption as food, is a human being. Some folks think that cannibalism went out of fashion as a matter of sentiment; that men forbore to eat their first cousins just because they happened to be their first cousins; or from some other moral or spiritual squeam. The truth is, human beings are not good to eat. The best of us are not to be compared with the worst of beef; and the worst of us are rank poison.

Observe the considerate kine. They are careful what they eat, they fletchize their food, they take plenty of exercise and plenty of rest, they never worry about business, and they keep good hours. Result: good meat. Observe the agile chicken. He is up with the sun, he takes the Kneipp cure on the dewy grass, he eats plenty of nice clean gravel, and sings at his work. Result: chicken *a la King*. Contrarily, what happened to the little dog in the poem—the little dog that went mad and bit a man? The dog died, didn't he? Certainly. Committed suicide as a result of temporary madness.

There are chicken-livers, for instance. Spitted with bacon and broiled in front of a hot blaze—ah, me! Even the *liver* of a chicken, mind you! But say, would you want to eat the liver of that gentleman we just passed on Broadway, who is going to shove his feet under the mahogany of the nearest cafe and put away whiskey and sodas until to-morrow becomes to-day? Perish the thought.

Reader, remember: there are years to come. You won't be here, but maybe your posterity will. Remember that, about a million years from now, if the birth-rate maintains the lively present increase, people won't be saying: "Is he a wise man?" or "Is he a good man?" or "Does she sing well?" They may look upon each other with a far different interest, and inquire: "Would he taste good?" "Would she be all right roasted?"

Let us live then, and encourage others to live, so that we may be as edible as possible.

¶

The man who understands women must therefore logically forego one-half the pleasure of existence.



"BUY A BALE OF COTTON"

MYSTERIOUS

It was to be a story for women.

The publishers demanded a strongly marked element of mystery.

Inspiration did not fail.

"Bring in," whispered Inspiration, in the author's attentive ear, "a girl with seven new gowns who is nevertheless unhappy."

A story for women, understand.

IN WAR TIMES

The world has changed since Shakespeare's day,

From bad to even worse.

The modern ruler seems to say:

"My kingdom for a hearse."

HAZARDS

Ancient bards rushed into battle singing their songs and let it go at that.

Not because they had better sense than modern bards, though.

They were simply luckier. There was no print to rush into, those days—only battle.

The bard business, in other words, wasn't nearly so hazardous.

REVOLUTIONARY

"Business is readjusting itself, but along new lines."

"How so?"

"A foreign noblewoman has just married an American millionaire."

THE GRIM CLOSER

HICKVILLE POSTMASTER (*after his visit to New York*): Of course, it wa'n't no use of me visitin' the Stock Exchange, for it's been closed up tight for some time, you know.

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH: Beats all how quick that there foot and mouth disease spread all over the country!

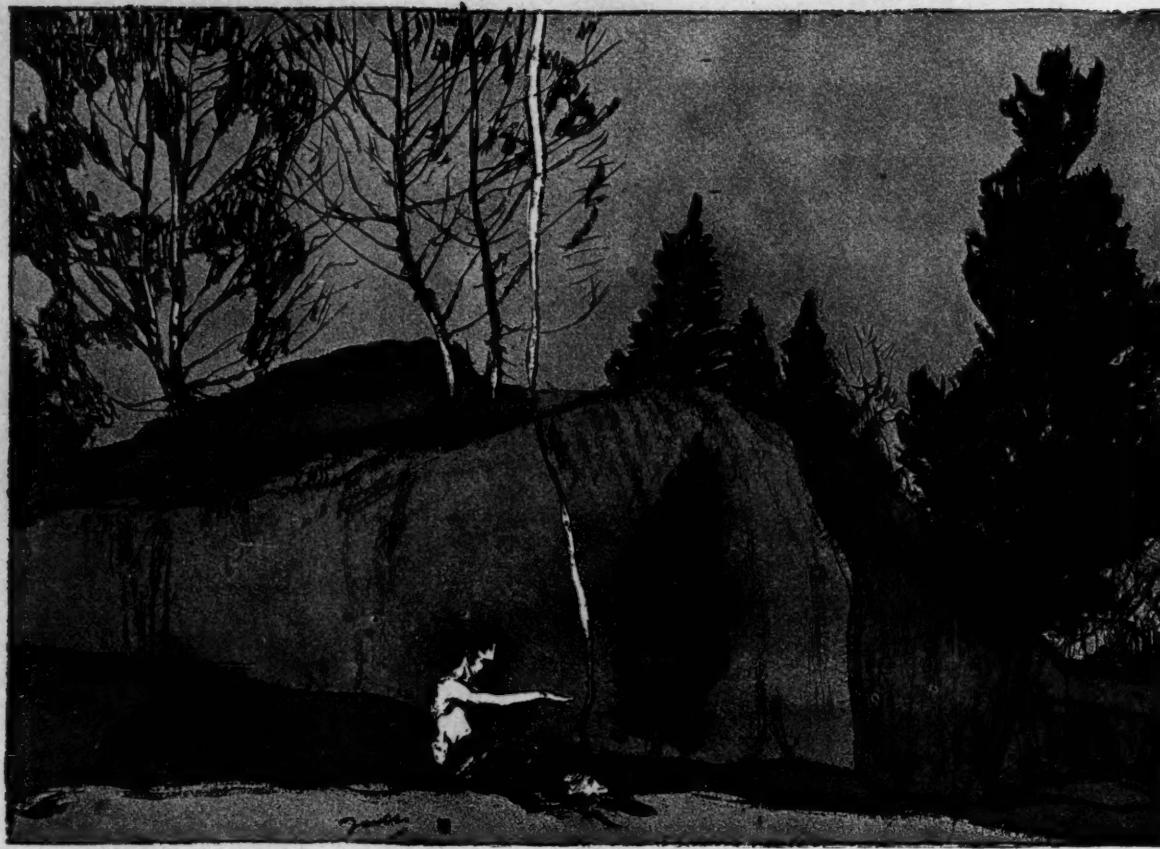


THE CONTINENTAL METHOD

DAUGHTER: What is the Baron doing, father?

MILLIONAIRE PARENT: I've just told him what your dowry is to be and he's figuring out whether he loves you.

Ruck



Why Do They Buy Pictures? That is, why do men of means and taste—we no longer dare employ the degraded word, "millionaire"—spend their money on pictures instead of patronizing literature, music, or the drama? There are several notable exceptions to the rule, but Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Higginson only prove it.

Mr. Carnegie, after more than a flirtation with the tone art, as Carnegie Hall testifies, turned his attention to libraries; Mr. Higginson, need I tell you, is the very keystone of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the best band in America, and, with one notable exception, the best in the world. Now, it is easy to say that your rich man comes hard by his millions, and, incidentally, has had no leisure to cultivate his aesthetic sense. Music is supposed to be a sealed fountain of bliss, except to them that know its technical mysteries. (That is why Wagner made an appeal to the public before the critics realized his significance.) The theatre, too, is considered esoteric, unless it be written for the intelligence that finds its solace in lobster and dancing palaces. To say "drama" is to conjure the horrible boredom of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Gorky, and the rest. But pictures! Anyone may criticize a painting. Anyone may tell you that a Gerome is better than a Manet, a Meissonier superior to a Fortuny. To appreciate Beethoven or Brahms demands much culture of a special order. Yet any "muddled oaf" will set his seal of approval upon Bouguereau, or Munczacy, or the shiny Alma-Tadema. Therefore need we no longer ask why rich men buy pictures; it is because, lacking taste and intelligence, they rush in where dealers fear to tread, and recklessly grab anything in a glittering frame. But this statement necessitates the astounding postulate that painting is an art inferior to music or literature; which is pure heresy. It exists in space, in two dimensions. It is quite rigid, though paradoxically it may suggest rhythm. It is representative rather than presentative (new schools believe otherwise). It is not as emotional as music, nor as definitive in form as sculpture. Yet, by some temperamental magic, it can suggest emotion, evoke forms. If you say Shakespeare, we say Michaelangelo; if you say Keats, we say Giorgione—both golden-tongued; while, in the domain of color, Titian gathered laurels before the sonorous horns of Wagner floated across the hills of Bayreuth. And best of all is the love of paint for paint's sake, of a picture for its color, form, atmosphere, its natural magic, its tonal and linear beauties. Painting is neither music nor literature, neither a message nor a sermon. It's just good paint. No, this setting up of a great man in art against a great man in another art won't do—that way lies dilettantism. Rather let us believe there is no superior art; that the art of saving souls is as useful as the beautiful art of dancing. Painting, then, is no more to be understood *prima vista* than a Bach fugue or a Tanagra statuette. It requires a coordination of faculties not existent among people without culture. It necessitates long, arduous special training. It represents the victory of mind over matter. And here we are back to the initial question: Why do they buy pictures?

A Picture Is a Thing Someone has said that a picture is a combination of a thought and a thing. Anyhow, a picture is a tangible object. It may be handled as well as seen. The strain imposed upon one who donates libraries is never felt by the amateur of painting. He goes into his gallery. There are the "masterpieces"—what collector has not at some period of his career christened his geese swan! What tribulations may come to a man who finds and "finances" an orchestra Mr. Higginson could tell. White nights and days of wrath, despair over the ingratitude of artists, tears because of their stupidity. The picture lover happily misses those horrid episodes. To be sure, he has his rigors as of death when he discovers that his Frans Hals was painted in Paris circa, 1880. He tears his hair when a coat of varnish not deftly applied by an idiot "restorer" makes opaque

the loveliness of his "Kitty Fisher" (there are only two thousand more portraits of her on the globe, but he doesn't know that). Yet are these ill comparable to those endured by a musical benefactor when he reads the evil criticisms of his orchestra in the press of a half-dozen cities? The same feeling of fear and nervous repulsion may be ascribed to the rich men when they are approached on the subject of a personally-endowed theatre. They tremble at the notion of the actor and his whims, at the notion, still more terrifying, of the impresario and his megalomania, at the idea of the actress and her notoriety-seeking temperament (the topnotch of terrors for the affluent greenhorn). Better a wrong attribution to a Romney or a Reynolds than this choice of Scylla and Charybdis. So he buys more pictures, and merely subscribes to the opera, or to that new dispensation in dramatic art, the advent of which we eagerly await.

These reasons concerning our typical rich man's preference for pictures to the exclusion of the other arts wear a plausible air, do they not? Yet they are rank sophistries. Doubtless every man of taste learns what is exquisite in art. It is a *via dolorosa* to be traversed before he reaches the delectable land of connoisseurship. And now let me give my version why they buy pictures. It is because the much-abused millionaire is nearly always a man of taste. Yes, this statement has, in our days of cheap socialistic sentiment, a ring of the fantastic. But, because thou art virtuously ignorant of art, are there to be no aesthetic cakes and ale! Abroad the American collector is too often decried, not only because he has the money, but also has the taste. (What would Europe do without him?) In the language of a remarkable female in "Man and Superman," he knows what he wants and goes straight for it. There were pictures in America before the Yankees threw overboard the tea of crazy King George. Culture is not a thing of yesterday in this land, as our European cousins would have us believe. Slightly altering Carlyle, we might say that there are nearly a hundred million people in the United States (not all fools), and it is their artistic education—foreigners and all—that will tax the purse of the benevolent Maecenas of the future. (Consider the Altman Collection which came to the Metropolitan Museum before these remarks were published.) He, the American collector—whether the late W. H. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Marquand, Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Wistach, or the living John G. Johnson, John H. McFadden, P. A. B. Widener, Henry C. Frick, Senator Clark, Mr. Freer, Mr. Walters, and others—buys pictures because he loves them, not alone because they decorate his walls. Furthermore—and this is the clou of my very Celtic argument—he not only buys pictures but he liberally patronizes the other arts; and, while this may sound like a specious plea for the rich man (to-day a wretched pariah in American society), it is no exaggeration to say that, without him, there would be no pictures, no sculpture, no architecture, no music, no seats of learning, humanistic or scientific, here. Demos has never proved a patron of the fine arts.

Of course, the supreme event of the season is the opening to the public of the Altman Collection, which will be duly considered hereafter. Local exhibitions are plentiful, and native-born painters will, so it seems, be well patronized—a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. At the Berlin Photographic Galleries there are several offerings by foreign artists; one drawings, paintings, and grotesques by Herbert Crowley, the other by Leon Bakst, a Russian.

The Art Season Opens
I have so often enjoyed Bakst's extraordinary stage settings in Paris and London that his smaller work does not make much appeal. In his chosen domain he is a master. A master, too, in miniature, is Crowley, whose decorative feeling is individual, allied with a

(Continued on page 20)





Puck

THE DRAMA IN VAUDEVILLE

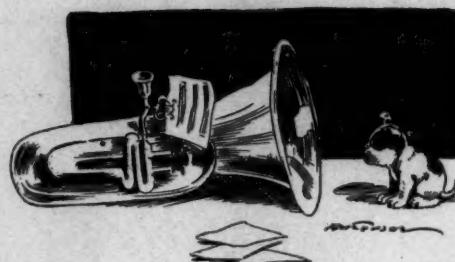
(Playlets aimed at the two-a-day, if they would get over, must dovetail into one of the following styles)

The Faithful-Servant Sketch. — The young master going to the dogs; faithful John, who served the young master's father for eighty-six years, pleads with the y. m. to reform — "If I may say so, sir." Young master tells him to mind his own business; John rings in the y. m.'s mother. The young master shakes John by the hand and tears up the picture of the actress.

The Statue-Come-to-Life Sketch. — "Pyg and the Gai" rewritten. Artist falls asleep; creation steps from frame or pedestal. Deliciously amusing.

The Child-and-the-Burglar Sketch. — Burglar, with four-days' beard; five-year-old child in night-gown. Child on burglar's lap; libby conversation. Lots of "My papa" stuff; you can see the burglar slipping. Exit line: "You don't know what a wonderful thing you've done tonight, little girl!"

The Girl-and-the-Professor Sketch. — Girl opens with a song; then tells audience she is awaiting the professor, who is to give her music lessons. Enter the comedian; she mistakes him for the prof.; hot comedy scene. Discovers she is short a leading man and he must assist in rehearsal of her new play. Act closes in one.



OVERAWED

"That feller grunts and growls all the time when my boss is with him, but he's mighty quiet when I'm around."

The Legit-Star-in-Vaudeville Sketch. — Any plot with a gun in it. Example: Whole-souled Westerner, unused to city ways, confronts betrayer of sister of other female. "Your life or mine!" Quick gun stuff. Getaway.

The Domestic Infelicity Sketch. — Occurs on wedding anniversary of the unhappy couple. Wife inquires, in a pained tone: "Robert, have you forgotten what day this is?" Husband, absorbed in business or another woman, is brought to realize wherein lies his True Happiness.

The Getting-Father's-Consent Sketch. — Obsolete parent vs. deucedly smart young pair. Lovers hatch clever plot and father falls for it.

The Woman-of-the-Future Sketch. — Great comedy stuff. Mannishly-attired woman running the household; effeminate husband for contrast. A riot.

NO WORSE

RETURNED TOURIST: The bombardments are simply terrible. You have no idea how a church can be so completely wrecked.

FRIEND: Yes I have. I was in a choir fight once.

IN STYLE

WILLIS: Where have you been?

GILLIS: In the hospital, getting censored.

WILLIS: Censored?

GILLIS: Yes. I had several important parts cut out.

RUINOUS

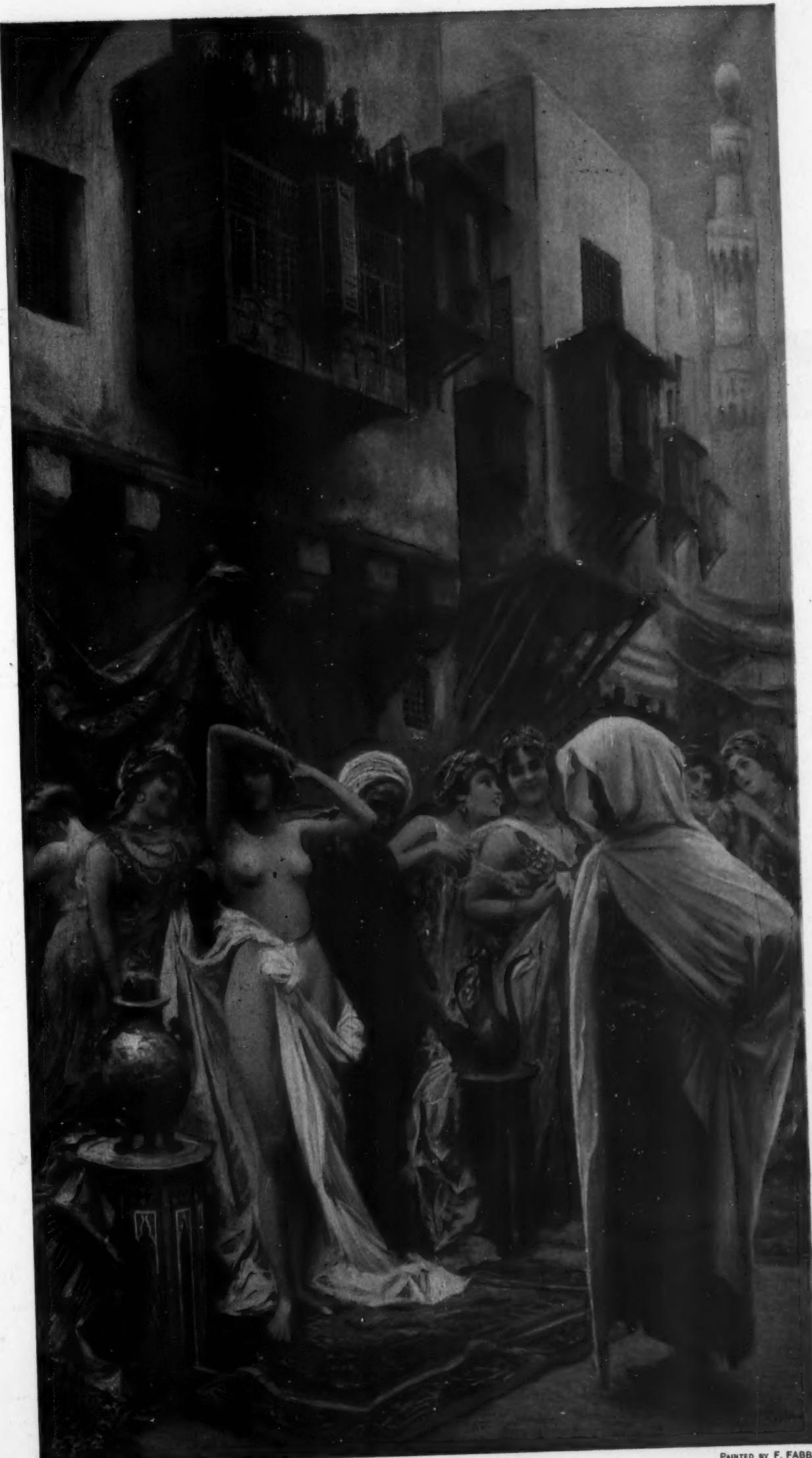
CRAWFORD: I hear it was a bad failure.

CRABSHAW: Very. Even the receivers didn't make anything out of it.

Memory is most kind to those who have learned to forget.



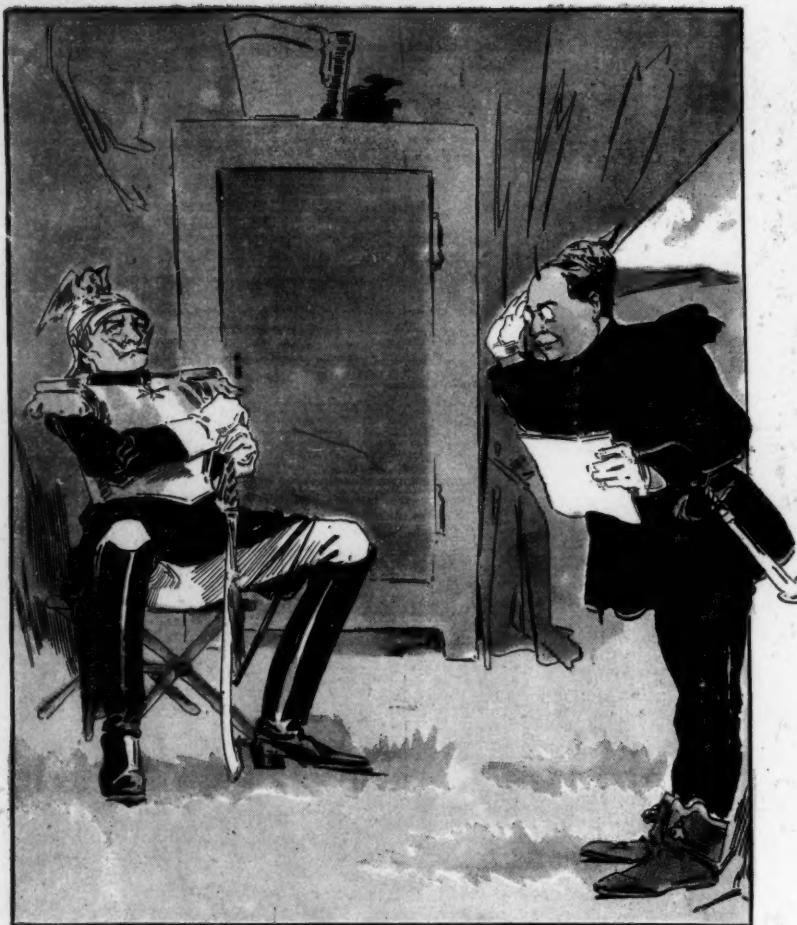
STRATEGY A LA CARTE



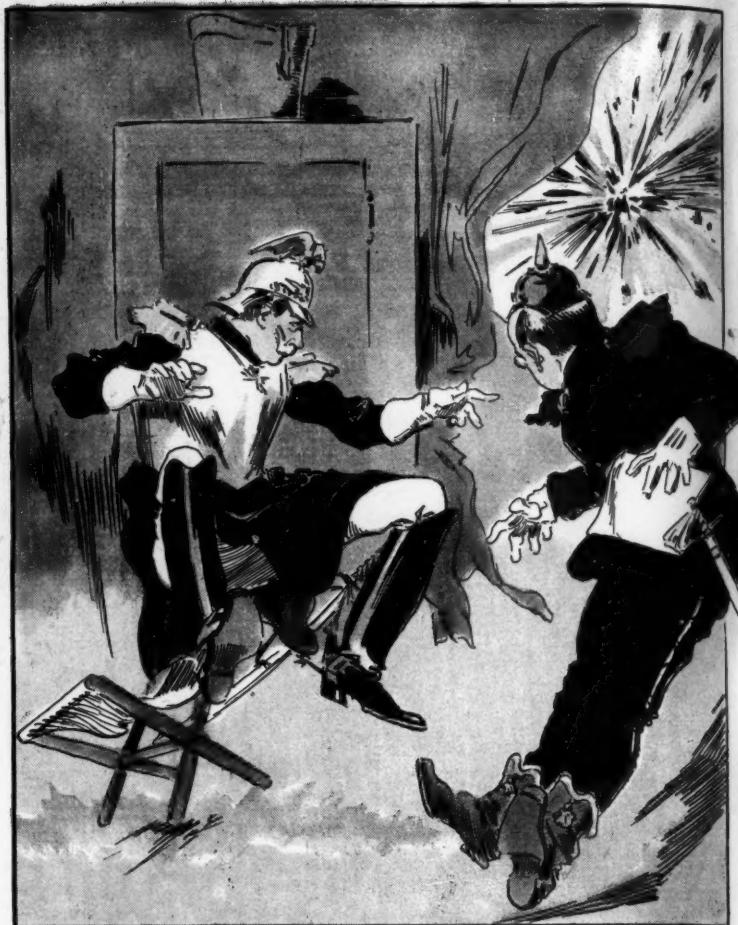
THE SLAVE MARKET

PAINTED BY F. FABBRI

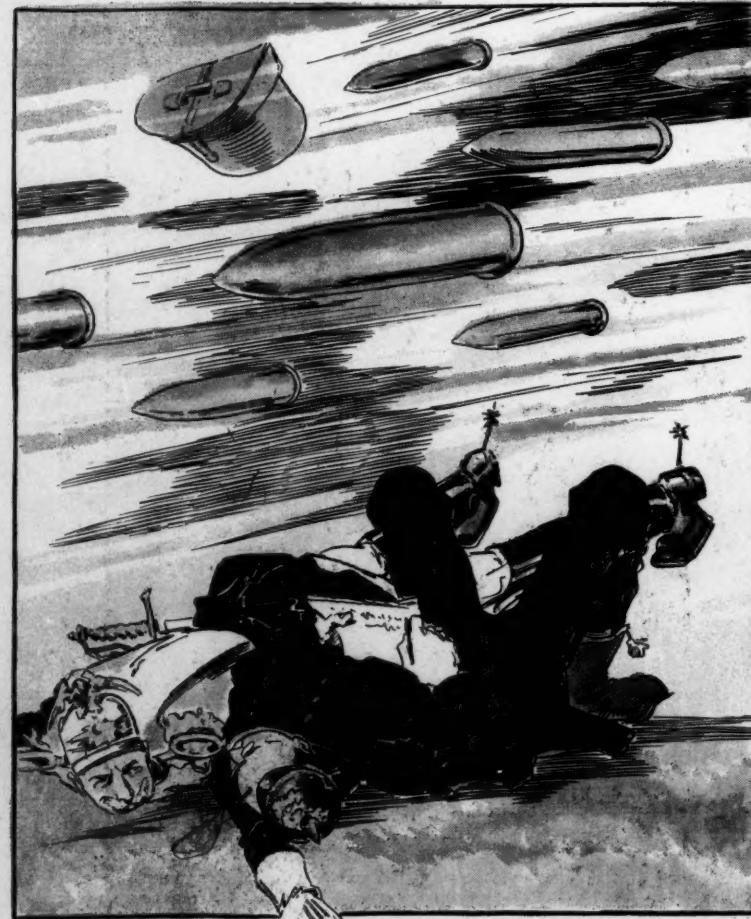
AN UNSUPPRESSED INTERVIEW



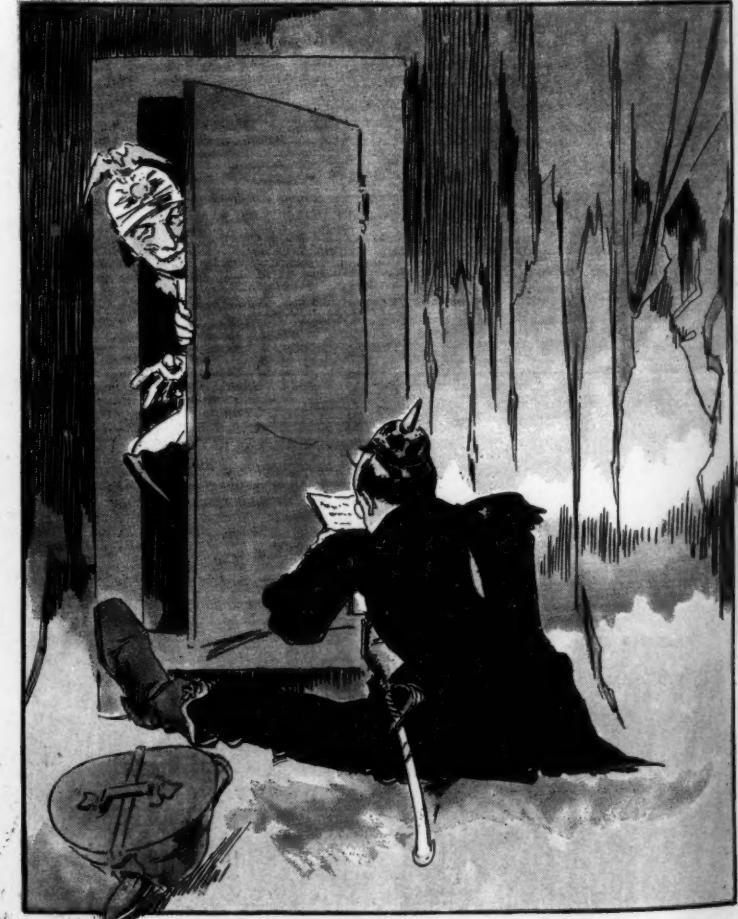
BORROWING A MILITARY COAT FROM A COSTUMER AND A SOLDIER'S OUTFIT FROM A LITTLE BOY FRIEND, I ENTERED THE TENT OF THE EMPEROR. "HALT!" SAID THE KAISER. I SALUTED AND INTRODUCED MYSELF AS AN AMERICAN INTERVIEWER.



JUST THEN A SHELL BURST OUTSIDE THE TENT; THE EMPEROR JUMPED FROM HIS CAMP-STOOL AND SAID: "WHILE I RECOGNIZE THE MASTERFUL CULTURE OF BELGIUM AS ILLUSTRATED IN ITS ARCHITECTURE AND WORKS OF ART, I DECLINE TO PERMIT THE USAGE OF LONG-WINDED FRENCH PHRASES IN MY BILLS-OF-FARE."



WITH A TERRIFIC WHIZZING, AN ARMY OF SHELLS PASSED OVER US. "PUT DOWN YOUR LEGS" SHOUTED THE KAISER. "AS MY HEROIC FOREBEAR, THE GREAT FREDERICK, ENFORCED VOLTAIRE'S STAY IN GERMANY, SO SHALL KIPLING BE MY LAUREATE. I HAVE ALREADY SENT MY ENVOY FROM THE BERLITZ SCHOOL TO PREPARE HIM."

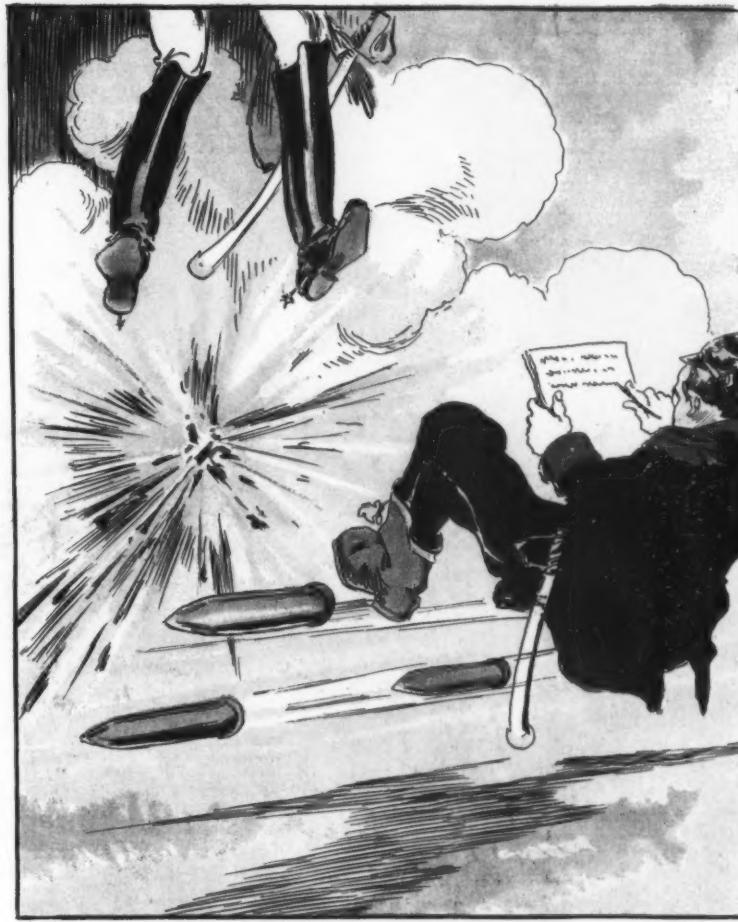


AFTER WE HAD RECOVERED, THE EMPEROR HID HIMSELF IN THE WARDROBE AND FROM THERE DICTATED: "POIRET WILL, UNDER HIS NEW NAME OF POIRETSTEIN, DESIGN THE GOWNS OF THE WOMEN OF EUROPE'S CAPITAL, BERLIN."

INTERVIEW WITH THE KAISER



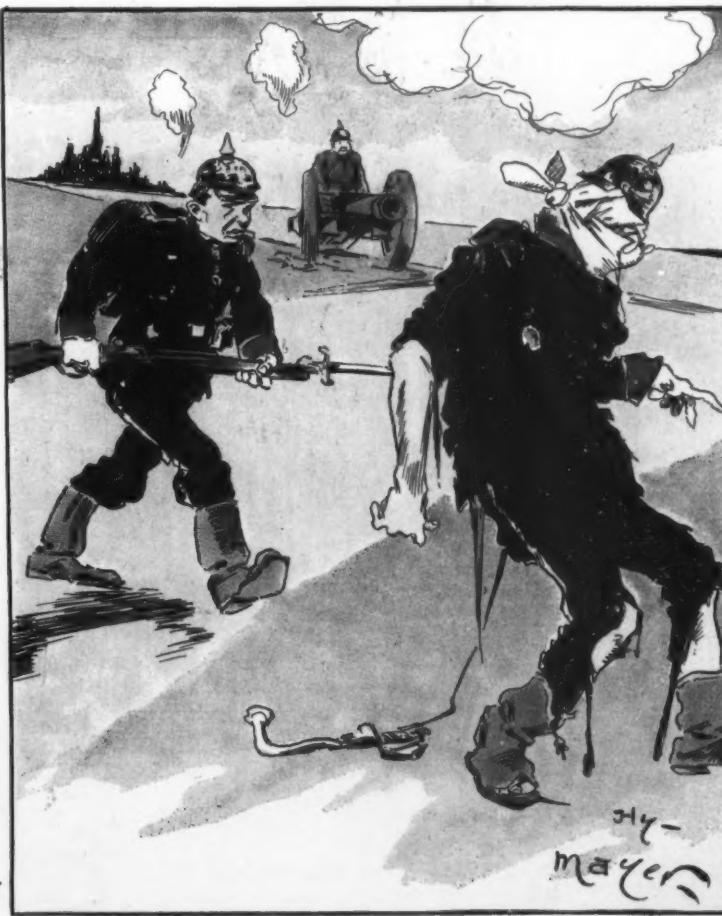
HERE A SHELL PASSED THROUGH THE TENT AND HIS MAJESTY CONTINUED: "THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE EUPHONIOUS GERMAN TERM FOR THE SUAVE AND TERSE SOMETHING A LA METCHNIKOFF WILL SERVE AS AN APPETIZER TO MY SOLDIERS WHEN THEY ENTER ST. PETERSBURG.



MORE SHELLS, AND I BEHELD HIS MAJESTY IN THE AIR ABOVE ME. THROUGH THE TUMULTUOUS EXPLOSIONS, I HEARD A FAINT VOICE DECLARE "NO LONGER WILL THE HAPHAZARD TRAFFIC OF PARIS BE ENDURED. THE WHITE-GLOVED HAND OF THE CITY POLICEMAN WILL BE REPLACED BY MY 'VERBOTEN' SIGNS."



AN EXPLOSION, THE LIKE OF WHICH I HAVE NEVER HEARD, OCCURRED, AND SPLINTERS, RAGS, EPAULETS, WILDLY TRAVELED THROUGH THE AIR. FROM THE DEBRIS I HEARD: "THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM—ER—" HE INTERRUPTED HIMSELF. "WHAT PAPER DO YOU REPRESENT?" "PUCK," SAID I.



WITH THIS, THE EMPEROR CALLED HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP AND INSTRUCTED: "CONDUCT THIS GENTLEMAN GENTLY BUT FIRMLY ACROSS THE LINES!"



By NELSON GREENE

BOUDOIR CONFIDENCES

"If people were as silly as they look in the fashion-plates—
"More of us would dress that way, my dear."

A MYSTERY STORY

The girl clenched her small, gloved hands, and tried to appear indifferent. She had begun to realize that there are moments in life when beauty, grace, and charm count as nothing; that there are moments when an attitude of unconcern requires the donning of a mask to make the pretense of a dauntless spirit.

She had read all the car signs, and she had looked with a casual indifference at the line of shoetops before her. Now, she was staring with a fascinated interest at one spot on the floor of the street-car as she rode along.

Every once in a while she would smilingly try to meet the gaze of her escort beside her, or of the other girl who sat beside him. But the couple, enthralled by each other's presence, were conversing animatedly, and seemed unaware of her existence.

She had not minded when her escort had not danced with her all evening—she had plenty of partners. She had not cared when he had devoted himself to the other girl; others had been devoted to her. When he told her he would accompany this girl to her home, she had acquiesced. But, in the street car, she wished he would speak to her occasionally.

She became conscious that the unusual circumstance of a pretty girl being ignored by her companions was attracting the attention of the passengers. Across the aisle, a kindly old man and his wife watched her commiseratingly, and the row of people before her noted her forlorn condition. At the end of the car, a young man observed her with admiration, and with increasing wonder.

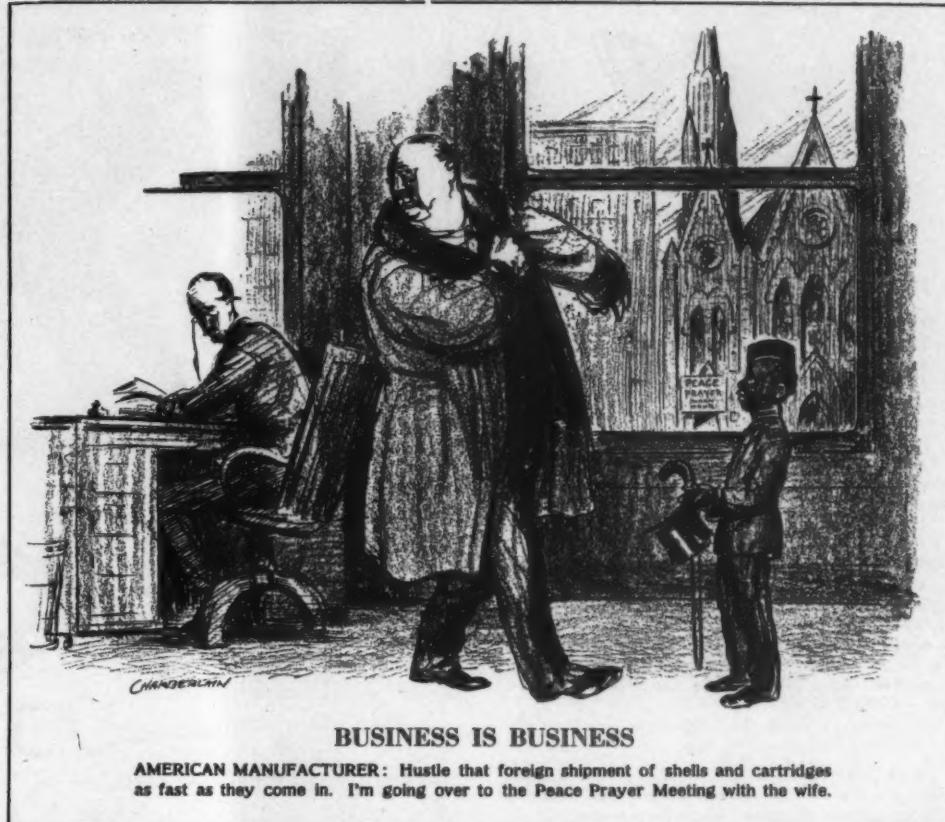
A blush of embarrassment colored her cheeks at this attention. To occupy herself, she opened her little handbag, and slowly took out its contents; then, more slowly, as if she loved each article dearly, she replaced the folderols in her bag. She was leisurely removing her gloves when her escort turned his head to regard a street corner. She leaned forward, and spoke to her companions.



A WEIGHTY WEAPON

THE SOUBRETTE: What's Biffstick wearin' his face in a sling fer?

THE ACROBAT: Oh, his partner who swats him with a folded paper happened to get hold of a Sunday edition.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

AMERICAN MANUFACTURER: Hustle that foreign shipment of shells and cartridges as fast as they come in. I'm going over to the Peace Prayer Meeting with the wife.

"It was a very nice party, was it not?" she asked happily. Her escort saw her with a slow recognition of her presence.

"Yes," he answered vaguely.

"Yes," echoed the other girl in the remote tone of kindly tolerance.

She felt repulsed, but not discouraged. They had answered her. She would try again.

"Every one appeared to enjoy it," she continued with bewitching friendliness. She waited. There was no answer. They had not heard her.

She shrank back abashed. She heard the old man across the aisle mutter indignantly to his wife. She sent one mortified glance toward the young man in the corner. He had witnessed her rebuff, for he was directing a wrathful scowl at her escort.

She made up her mind to endure, and was reading the advertisements all over again, when there was a clamor in the streets.

The gongs and whistles of the fire-engines were sounding. From the car-window the pretty girl saw a nearby conflagration, and that the car was near the fire-lines.

The contagion of the commotion spread into the car. The passengers were standing, and were hurriedly leaving. Her escort was assisting the other girl to arise, and was tenderly piloting her forward. The neglected one tried to follow them, but the excited passengers quickly closed around her, and she made her way from the car alone.

She stepped into a dense crowd of people. The fire-engines were very close to her, and a thronging multitude surrounded her. She tried to push onward, but was forced back by the pressing rabble. Then she felt a light touch on her arm. The young man from the end of the car was beside her.

"Let me assist you," he said, briefly. He elbowed a way for her, pushed through the crowds for her, and cajoled an unwilling officer to let her pass a rope. In a few moments he stood on a deserted street-corner with the girl clinging to his arm.

"How can I ever thank you," she said to him. "If it had not been for you I would have been trampled on, perhaps I would have been killed."

"I must see you to your home," said the young man, determinedly. The girl hesitated. She looked down the long, dark street. In the distance she saw her escort and the other girl walking lingeringly along, enthralled by each other's presence. The young man followed her gaze, and saw a couple sauntering under an electric lamp.

"I must see you home!" he repeated, sternly. "What does that man mean by leaving you here alone? Who is he?" he demanded, angrily. The girl seized his arm.

"If we hurry we shall catch up with them," she said. "If you will tell me your name I can introduce you, and he will thank you for having protected me. He is my brother."



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

The Bee dropped wearily by the roadside and the Butterfly lit indolently beside him.

"Why so inconsolable?" purred the gorgeous insect.

"I have made a terrible fist of it following your advice. It has profited me nothing," moaned the Bee; "I cannot get into Society."

"You buzz so atrociously," protested the Butterfly.

The Bee, in bitter dejection, looked up pitifully. "Isn't even my sting of any value?" he asked, as though snatching eagerly at a crumb of hope.

"But why advertise it? Observe the Wasp."

"I only buzz to reveal my joy in life, my pleasure in work!"

"O, my dear Bee, that is so plebian!"

The sturdy little insect blinked his eyes, as though hardly comprehending, and buzzed on. "Inspired by the authority of your remarks," he said, "I opened a school for social climbers. As a law-abiding Bee I am naturally a worker, and I thought here was a promising new field—"

"To work?" asked the Butterfly.

"Why not?" countered the Bee.

"Never mind," yawned the Butterfly, "you were hardly original in that." Then she added, hastily, as though to dull the edge of the retort, "but laborers never initiate. They must needs follow. Proceed. I am interested."

The Bee continued. "There are so many worthy bees who by honest industry have amassed a competence, and who now desire to fit amusingly in Society. I gathered a number of them under my tutelage. Especially did the young ones flock about me, whereupon I urged them, as you suggested, to court only married women over forty."

"A bulky idea! Didn't it work?"

The Bee shook his head sadly. "Not a single young Bee would follow. All declared they wanted to enter Society for the sake of pleasure, and that there was no pleasure in courting old married women."

The lovely wings of the Butterfly rippled with laughter. "How like a Bee!" she cried; "always deceived by appearances—typically bourgeois. So for pleasure they wished to enter Society? Naturally they failed."

After a pause, the Bee, exceedingly chagrined, ventured a modest question. "Then must I tell my young males to prosecute the unpleasant courtships if they wish to succeed?" he asked.

"By all means," insisted the Butterfly. "Society is ruled by old married ladies. They hold the scepter. They must have beaus, companionship, attention, if Society is to maintain its machinery of apparent pleasure. To the young male who gives this they are prodigal in



He never spoke to a young woman

their favors. He will have place and prosperity—so much more important than pleasure. Indeed, he need not sacrifice even pleasure if he really desires it. Only he must not seek it in Society. With the old ladies let him simulate pleasure, and his career is made."

DEZAYAGRAPHS



ALFRED G. VANDERBILT

Drawn by the famous Caricaturist, Mr. M. DE ZAYAS, especially for PUCK

"My! My!" exclaimed the distracted Bee; "that will be a difficult programme for a simple, humble bee, who knows not subterfuge and only the law of honest work and natural relaxation."

"Nonsense!" fluttered the Butterfly; "one should not attempt Society if he does not delight in guile more than in frankness."

"What hypocrites!"

"No, no. Hypocrites pretend one thing and perform another. Society pretends nothing except superiority."

"Listen," the Butterfly urged; "I will explain by means of a true story. There was a young man came to Manhattan from the South. Behind him he left a sweetheart, a dear young thing whom he was to marry once his fortune was made. Years passed. He found fortunes hard to make. The periods of time between his letters to his sweetheart became longer and longer."

"At last, one day he found that he had a Social gift. He could wear an evening coat, even when ready-made, with greater distinction than the leading man of a company of English actors. He could tango with grace, and he possessed no antipathy to afternoon tea. Yet he looked just like a clean, vigorous young American business man."

"By rare good fortune someone introduced him to a Social leader—a woman nearly sixty, with a calcined face, the manners of a rowdy, and a husband worth sixty millions. The young man showed his true instinct for Social climbing by paying passionate courtship to the dowager. In her presence he never spoke to a younger woman. He danced, he drove, he flirted with her alone. Youth bloomed again in her heart, and she caused her chief rival to grow visibly ten years older in a single season."

"The dowager's husband gave the young man a position worth twenty thousand a year to prevent his wife from naming in a divorce court certain embarrassing facts in her possession. That young man is now one of the

props of our best Social circles. His manners are most correct, and his name appears among the most exclusive of 'those present.'"

The Bee, wide-eyed with eager delight, asked tremulously: "And the sweetheart? Did he marry her then?"

The Butterfly smiled sweetly. "O, no!" she concluded, "the girl married an old fellow with a paunch and half a million, and pours tea for the best families in her small town. You see, it is only the men who are free to come to the big cities and climb to first-class opportunities."

"Isn't that terrible!" sighed the Bee.

"Yes. It is unfair to the girls," agreed the Butterfly.



STRICTLY MODERN

CUBIST PAINTER: Beatrice, come quick! I have created a masterpiece!



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verse by DANA BURNET

The Kaiser turned his mustache down,
Which strikes us pessimistic;
Two gentlemen of Mexico
Once more are waxing fistic.
The armored ultimatums fly
With European wildness;
The business boom
Is now in bloom,
And Italy is mildness.



It seems that if you dance too much
You catch the tango ankle;
The Cossacks put their arms about
The waist of General Dankl.
The guns that guard Sir Goethals' ditch
Are greater bores than ever;
The Tzar has come
To Erzerum,
Despite the foe's endeavor.

An ancient Bacon manuscript
Brought home the well-known bacon;
Large plots of Belgian real estate
Were taken and retaken.
The Russians found Prezysm's forts
Were something they could sneeze at;
The Siegel case
Filled miles of space,
And Greece don't know where she's at.

John D. is knitting woolen shawls
To help the ruined war-folk;
And meanwhile we have with us still
Our own supply of poor folk.
Thanksgiving day was had with joy
By everyone save Turkey;
The bon-bon trade
Fell off a shade,
And Sweden's skies are murky.

Suspenders, says an Admiral,
Should not uplift the navy;
The Dreadnought Dip—we've seen
it danced—
Is very wild and wavy.
The army folk are writing books
On how to be invaded;
The latest sleeve
Is tres naive,
And England's coast was raided.

Society is taking up
The case of Europe's sorrows;
Sir Gardner warned us all against
Disasterous to-morrows.
The military persons say
You can't lick Mars with Cupid;
Krupp guns outdate
Our trust in fate,
And Teddy calls us stupid.



The opera season opened with
A neutral bill of fanfare;
Sir Caillaux parted with Paree—
This war is surely l'enfer,*
Sir Woodrow's golden banking rule
Is working like a sea breeze;
The Winter air
Is here and there,
And thus from toil do we breeze.

*French for what Sherman said to the historian.

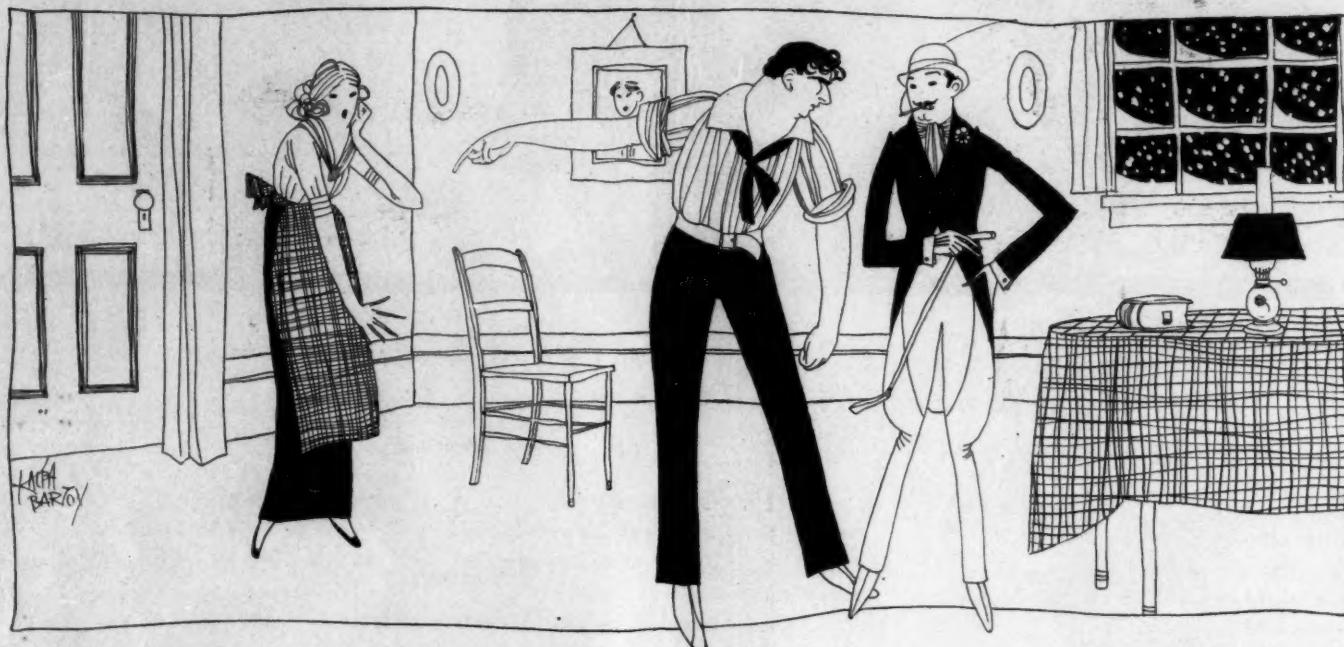


Buck

The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



MARY (shaking back): My God—you! What do you want here?

DALTON (advancing with his hat on and switching his boot with riding crop): Ha, my pretty one, we shall see—we shall see.

MARY (in tears): Oh, how can you, how can you? Was it not enough that you stole my youth, that you made me what I am?

DALTON: So, my proud beauty, your spirit is broken at last!

MARY: Oh, God, give me strength! If I were a man, I'd kill you! You are of the kind who drag women to the gutter.

DALTON: Now, now, my fine young animal! Remember—'twas you, too, who sinned!

MARY (sobbing wildly): Folly, yes—but not sin, no, no—not sin, not sin! It is the weakness of women and the perfidy of men that makes women sin.

DALTON (sneering): Sin it was—sin, I repeat it. You—you're no better now than the women of the streets!

MARY: No, no! Don't say that, don't say that! Have pity! (Throwing herself before him.) See! It is a helpless woman who kneels at your feet—

DALTON (throwing her from him): Bah!

MARY (pleading): Who asks you to give back what is more precious to her than jewels and riches, than life itself—her honor!

DALTON: Ha! (He advances upon her and makes to seize her in his arms. She struggles, screams. Enter Dick.)

DICK: What's the meaning of this? Speak!

DALTON (to Mary, airily): Who is this young, this young cub? (Aside.) Damnation!

DICK (advancing): I'll show you soon enough, you fighter of women!

MARY (wildly): Dick! Dick!!

DICK (to Dalton, face to face, pointing to door): Now, then—you get straight the hell out o' here! (Dalton looks first at Dick, then at Mary. Then, with a sneering laugh, tosses his head and exits.)

CURSES!!*

A Melodrama in One Act Containing Just and Only Such Famous Melodramatic Lines as Have for Countless Years Been Successful in Invoking the Plaudits and Hisses of Melodrama Audiences.

CAST

| | | |
|--------------|---|--------------------|
| DICK STRONG | - | A hero |
| MARY DALLAS | - | A country girl |
| ABNER DALLAS | - | Mary's aged father |
| JIM DALTON | - | A villain |

SCENE: Sitting room of Abner's home.
PLACE: A small country town in New York State.
TIME: The present day.

When the curtain rises, the stage is in complete darkness. Mary enters, goes to centre table and turns up small oil lamp. Immediately the whole stage is lighted with a dazzling brilliance. Mary catches sight of Dalton standing in doorway L. U. E. A sinister smile is on his lips, a riding crop in his hand.

(* All stage and other missile-throwing rights reserved by the "Author! Author!"

DICK: There's a brave dear! And now, good-bye, dearest, until to-morrow. Remember, when the clouds are thickest, the sun still shines behind them. (Exits.)

MARY (alone): Oh, my Dick, my all, may God protect you!

Enter Abner (carrying a gun.)

MARY (in alarm): Father! What are you doing? Where are you going?

ABNER: I've heerd all! I'm a-goin' t' find the man who wronged ye, and when I find him, I'm a-goin' t' kill him, kill him—that's all!

MARY: Stop, dad! You know not what you do!

ABNER (with a sneer): You! A fine daughter! A fine one to speak t' her old father who watched over her sence her mother died, who slaved for her with these hands, who—

MARY (interrupting): Oh, father, that is cruel! Nothing that others could do would hurt me like those words from you. I have suffered, father; I would rather starve than—

ABNER (brusquely): A fine time now for repentance!

MARY (in tears): Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy!

ABNER: Mercy, eh? Well, such as you'll get no mercy from me!

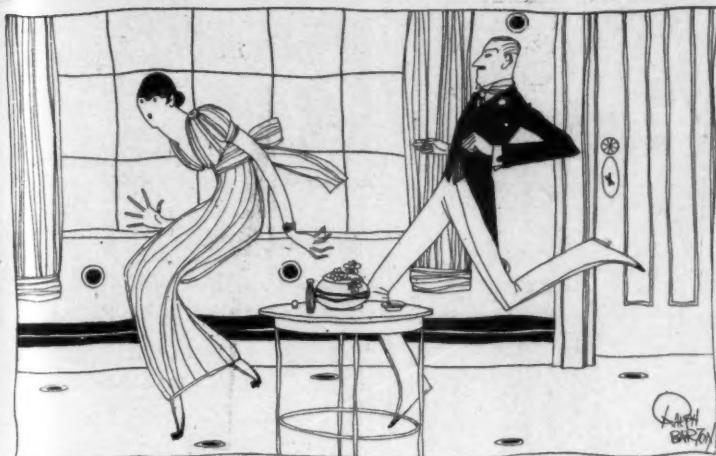
MARY (wildly): I was young and innocent; I knew nothing of the world.

ABNER: Go! (He throws open the door; the storm howls.) Go! Fer you will live under my roof no longer! Thus I blot out my daughter from my life forever, like a crushed wild-flower.

MARY: Oh, father, father! You don't, you won't, you can't be so cruel.

ABNER (slams door; stands a moment at knob; then goes slowly to table and picks up Mary's photograph. He looks at it; his eyes fill with tears): I'll set by that winder, and set and set, but she, my little one, 'll never come back, never come back. Oh, my little girl, my little girl. I'll put this here lamp in the winder to guide my darlin' back home t' me. (He totters toward the window.)

CURTAIN.



Sardou (v. t.)

A Theatrical Glossary

- sardou** (v. t.) —1. To lock the door and chase a reluctant lady around the room. 2. To put the shun in seduction. 3. To write a well-built, up-to-date big financial success.
- act** (v. i.) —1. To spoil an otherwise good play. 2. To endorse a new massage cream. 3. To please William Winter.
- Success** (n.) —1. A bad play. 2. A d-n bad play. 3. A h-l of a d-n bad play.
- fairbanks** (v. t.) —1. To leap headlong out of a window. 2. To lick three men with one hand.
- doro** (v. i.) —1. To compel favorable critical notices by having beautiful eyes. 2. To not get as favorable critical notices as one actually deserves.
- alwoods** (v. t.) —1. To foil a villain. 2. To foil two villains. 3. To foil three villains.
- Ending** (n.) —The beginning of the average American play.

More Stupendous Thoughts from the Theatrical World

(Quoted Verbatim from Published Interviews.)

"Give me my garden and the warm sweetness of spring and summer days and the golden languor of all, and I am perfectly happy, for there is nothing in the world that gives me greater pleasure than to put on a sunbonnet and a pair of old gloves and with a trowel in my hand set out to spend my day with the little growing things in my garden."—Louise Dresser.

"I must take exception to the opinions of those who believe that women dress primarily to gain the admiration of men."—Mary Boland.

You say it is possible for drama to reflect life, do you? Very well, then answer me this. In the cabled dispatches from the European fighting countries, there appeared the other day an account of the astounding spectacular heroism, in the face of a death-filled fire, of a German soldier named Ludwig Dinkelblatz. If you can reconcile yourself to the notion of a man named Ludwig Dinkelblatz as the hero of a play of whatever sort, you win.



The only place for worth-while drama



Ludwig Dinkelblatz

An arm-chair beside a reading lamp is the only place for worth-while drama. If you are one of those who seriously contends that such drama should be acted in the theatre, that the stage is the place for such work, that it stands a fair chance there, tell me what you think would happen to Hauptmann's "Weavers" if, in that wonderful climax to the fifth act, the child actress playing Mielchen should accidentally drop her, ahem—petticoat; or to "Hannele" if, at a moment of its poignant pathos, a shirt-sleeved Irish scene-shifter were plainly observable in the wings. Think of Sudermann's "Princess Far-Away" with a bad cold and an obviously tender corn!

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NATURALLY

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AMERICAN: No wonder, after a bone-head error like that.

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WOMAN: Never mind! This bulldog represents the Public Service Commissioners. So, beat it!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 8)

mystic temperament. Mr. Birnbaum, despite the hampering war, promises us some good things this season.

The opening exhibition at the Montross Gallery comprised a goodly number of names. George Bellows, Jonas Lie, D. Putnam Brinley, Eugene Speicher, James Preston, Guy Pene Du Bois, Hugo Ballin, Elmer MacRae, Schilling, Perrine, and others. The portraits of Bellows and Speicher were in their most brilliant and veracious vein. James Preston's expressive landscapes show him marching to better and stronger things. As a whole, it was an interesting show. A selection from the works of four living masters of etching was the chief attraction at the Kepel Galleries. The men selected were Muirhead Bone, D. V. Cameron, Anders Zorn, and Auguste Lepere, an admirable quartet for the purpose of contrast. They are all stylists, all owe allegiance to the dead masters of their art—Rembrandt, Meryon, Millet, Whistler, Seymour Haden—yet each artist is an individuality. I confess to a great fondness for the sturdy Zorn, who is more distinctly a personality than the others, though he is no better master of his medium than Bone or Cameron. But Zorn is also a painter, and, while I have seen landscapes of Cameron, you feel that the needle, not the brush, is the implement that best expresses his talent. All the celebrated plates are here, the "Renan," of Zorn, the "Hampstead Heath," of Bone, the "Sienna and Palace Doorway," of Cameron, and the "Cathedral of Amiens," by Lepere. For lovers of black and white such a combination of works is inspiring, as well as instructive.

Mr. Macbeth begins his artistic year with a group of selected paintings by American artists: Beal, Ballard Williams, Carlsen, Davies, Hawthorne, Sartain, Frieske, J. Alden Weir, Childe-Hassam, Ben Foster, Ivan Olinsky, Robert Spencer, Ranger, Daingerfield, Davis, and Chauncey F. Ryder, are the names of the artists whose pictures are on view at the Macbeth Galleries. The most potent canvas is called "Interwoven," by Arthur B. Davies. Nevertheless, it is the one foreign note in a pleasing, if somewhat banal, gathering. Davies has now reached what might be properly described as his third period. He has felt the impact of various new experimenters, yet has not only preserved intact his own strong individuality, but has achieved a distinct place among such latter-day painters as Augustus John, Henri Matisse, and a few besides. Better still, while passionately interested in the pursuit of complex formal rhythms, he never falls into the empty scheme of the abstractionists. I am reminded in this powerful study of Pollaijulo, of Blake, of some early Florentines. No more descriptive title could be found than "Interwoven" for these fugal figures and their vital polyphonic striving. If the work had been signed by some famous ultra-modern name we would have saluted it ecstatically. It recalls to me a suggestion of the same artist's "Armageddon." There is conflict and the crash of wills, and an arabesque that is charged with a curious dynamic strength. I admired the charming atmosphere of J. Alden Weir, but not the "Annunciation" of Hawthorne, which is obviously without the awe and mystery such a theme should embody. It is the old Hawthorne puritan prude, plus a supernatural visitor—Cape Cod and an angel on the half-shell. I prefer this stern painter's representation of fisher folk.

The Autumnal Exhibition of the Water-Color Society, in the Fine Arts Building, West 57th Street, is gay and attractive. All the old favorites are playing in their best form, and there is some new talent—not too much, however.

NO HURRY

MRS. JACKSON (reading): A new comet has appeared, and can be distinguished with powerful telescopes!

MR. JACKSON: With powerful telescopes, eh? Well, there ain't any use starting family prayers 'till it gets to the opera-glass stage, anyway!

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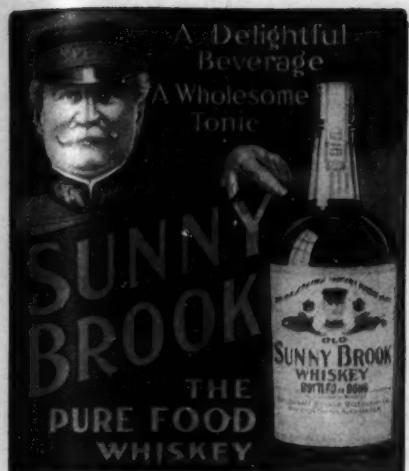
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TAKEN INTO THE FIRM

In his early youth, Egbert J. Hamm had attended public school. There, in one of the lower classes, he had become intimately acquainted with a certain Second Reader. All of its table of contents made an impression upon Egbert's mind, but one story in the Reader made an impression that was particularly vivid. It told how an industrious young lad who entered a counting-house in the humble capacity of office-boy and general window-washer, arose by his own energy and honesty to a lofty eminence in the business, and finally one triumphant day was "taken into the firm." Every Reader has such a story; some of them more than one. They are part of the diet of childhood.

When Egbert left his schooldays behind him and faced the big world of business, the story of the boy who was taken into the firm was ever in his mind. His teacher, when he left, recalled it to his attention, and gave voice to a few well-meant platitudes, the purport of which was, "Go thou and do likewise." Egbert got a job in a broker's office and at once began to figure how many years it would be before his name in gold letters joined those on the outer door. He determined that if energy and honesty could produce quick results his rise would be as rapid as the boy's in the old School Reader.

And his rise was rapid. From filling inkwells, which was his chief duty when he came, he climbed in one short year to the job of chalking stock quotations on the customers' black-board, and he took to the job and its terms as naturally as a duck or Annette Kellerman takes to water. His pay was rapidly increased also, and Egbert's progress toward his ultimate goal could scarcely have been smoother.

He passed from one stage to another until finally he became "outside man" with an excellent salary. He had been with the house nine years now, and his energy and honesty during that time had been prodigious. He knew his value, and the concern knew it also, and likewise appreciated it. So it was not a surprise to Egbert when one day, at the end of the business year, the boss broker called him into his office and broke the joyous news.

"Egbert," said the boss broker, "you have been with us ten years now, and in token of your faithful and

intelligent service we have decided to take you into the firm."

That night Egbert took out the copy of the old School Reader and read and reread the story of the boy in the counting-house—the boy who had been his inspiration and his guiding star. It was just as the Reader said. Energy and honesty had done the trick to a nicety.

Egbert did not receive a salary any more. He was a partner in the house and got his pay in the form of a percentage of the annual profits. His salary had been a good one, but there is always something alluring in the idea of divided profits. Egbert relinquished his salary without a pang when his name appeared on the outer door. The ultimate goal had been reached at last. The all-important race was won. He had been "taken into the firm."

What a false friend is a School Reader! What a lot it leaves unsaid! No mention was made in the Reader of the possibility of bad business in the counting-house. Egbert never thought of that when he gave up his salary job and became a partner with a percentage of the profits. Possibly the firm thought of it, however, because business was very, very bad. All the Stock Exchange houses were retrenching and saving money wherever they could. At any rate, when

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Egbert got his share of the profits at the end of his first year of partnership he found that his rake-off was a little less than half the amount he used to receive in salary. That, of course, and the gold letters on the door.

"I have been taken into the firm," quoth Egbert, addressing his inner self, "and well taken in."

The next Sunday he put the old Reader in his pocket, and, taking a walk in the suburbs, fed it to a goat.

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THE STRAIGHT BALL

The pull and the slice scientifically played are, no doubt, very useful, but in ninety-nine of every hundred golfers' hands they are very dangerous strokes, and, moreover, in almost, if not quite, ninety-nine of a hundred cases totally unnecessary. The straight ball is the ball that pays. The every-day golfer may forget about master strokes that are produced by pulling and slicing. When it comes to pushing, that is another tale, and, under proper guidance, he may be encouraged.

There is a great deal written about slicing and pulling to counteract or take advantage of the wind. Believe me, or if you won't, Vardon, that there's nothing in it.

Listen to what Vardon says at page 92 of "The Complete Golfer": "Now, however, that this question is raised, I feel it desirable to say, without any hesitation, that the majority of golfers possess vastly exaggerated notions of the effect of strong cross-winds on the flight of their ball. They greatly overestimate the capabilities of a breeze. To judge by their observations on the tee, one concludes that a wind from the left is often sufficient to carry the ball away at an angle of forty-five degrees, and, indeed, sometimes when it does take such an exasperating course and finishes on the journey some fifty yards away from the point from which it was desired to dispatch it, there is an impatient exclamation from the golfer: 'Confound this wind; who on earth can play in a hurricane?' or words to that effect. Now, I have quite satisfied myself that only a very strong wind indeed will carry a properly-driven ball more than a very few yards out of its course, and, in proof of this, I may say that it is very seldom when I have to deal with a cross-wind that I do anything but play straight at the hole without any pulling or slicing, or making allowances in any way."

"If golfers will only bring themselves to ignore the wind, then it, in turn, will almost entirely ignore their straight ball. When you find your ball at rest the aforementioned thirty or forty yards from the point which you desired to send it, make up your mind, however unpleasant it may be to do so, that the trouble is due to an unintentional pull or slice, and you may get what consolation you can from the fact that the slightest of these variations from the ordinary drive is seized upon with delight by any wind, and its features exaggerated to an enormous extent. It is quite possible, therefore, that a slice which would have taken the ball only twenty yards from the line when there was no wind, will take it forty yards away with the kind assistance of its friend and ally."

I think that most practical golfers will agree with this, although Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey found that in throwing the golf ball from his catapult he got a drift of from eight to twelve yards in a carry of one hundred and thirty yards. I am inclined to think that the drift is less in a ball truly hit with a golf club. There are several reasons which would account for the difference, but most of them are too technical. One I may perhaps give.

The catapult is a pure throw. It sends the ball away without spin, whereas the golf club rarely, if ever, dispatches the ball without some slight spin. Professor Thomson, one of England's leading scientists, indeed goes so far as to say that, on account of the loft of the club, every ball that is hit by it has back-spin communicated to it as it starts its flight.

This is an error, but it is probably partially true; and there is no doubt that many well-driven golf balls have a considerable amount of spin that is not consciously applied to them. This spin would probably tend to hold them to their course more steadily than in the case of a ball propelled absolutely without spin.

This, I may say, at once, is merely speculation. I should not care to dogmatize on this matter, for any spin except back-spin—and top-spin, which is practically non-existent in golf—would tend to make the ball swerve.

Theoretically, even back-spin should cause it to move over in a cross-wind more than if it were hit without a glancing blow, for the friction on the lower portion of the front is greater than anywhere else, and the cross-wind gets to this; but the result of my observations, certainly not taken with the care and accuracy shown by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, tends to show me that the spin does hold this ball straighter even in a cross-wind than if the ball is without it.

Admitting, however, for the sake of the argument, that the plain ball, or the ball without spin, is the best, we have Sir Ralph's experiments to show that the maximum of drift in one hundred and thirty yards was twelve yards, and this was with a defective ball—one that was defective in nearly every way in which a ball can be defective.

We are therefore almost forced to the conclusion that if we use a ball that is constructed on merely reasonably scientific principles, we shall be well advised to follow Vardon's advice and to utterly ignore the wind.

Some very practical golfers have rooted ideas about this pulling and slicing. In *Concerning Golf*, Mr. John L. Low says: "There is no shot which produces such straight results as the sliced shot against a right hand breeze."

This is diametrically opposed to Vardon's teaching, and there can be little doubt as to whom to follow in this matter.

There is no shot in golf which produces such "straight results" as the straight hit ball, preferably as regards straightness, without intentional spin of any kind. The slight amount of unintentional back-spin that many good drivers get may be helpful, but generally speaking for the straight ball, the greatest ball in golf, especially if it happens to have some length, we may forget all about allowing for wind and putting on spin; for, to be perfectly plain, these are things that are not understood by at least ninety-five of every hundred golfers, and that cannot be done by four and seven-eighths of the remaining five.

Therefore, go all out for the straight ball every time, and if you are getting off the line forget to blame the wind, the ball, or any other old thing, except the player, and ask yourself where most of your weight was at the top of the swing.



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RUCK

If you can locate that, you will probably find that it wasn't the wind at all, at all, but that it was merely swaying on your part—in other words, tossing your weight from one leg to another, and so unsettling your swing.

When you have decided that this is so, see to it that at the top of your swing your weight, as at the address, is evenly distributed between the feet. I shall be satisfied if you do this, but if you play your stroke correctly your left foot will carry a little more weight than your right, and when this is the case there will be very little need for pulling and slicing, for you will be getting the greatest ball in golf—the straight ball, and, which is more important still perhaps, the low ball.

Then you will be so pleased that when you return to the clubhouse you will practice the high ball.

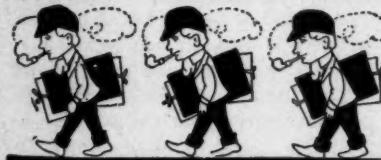
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The new King *eight* is of 40-45 horse-power, has a pure European stream-line body and is built on a chassis of 113" wheel-base—which length has proved the most convenient size for general use. Its mechanical simplicity will quickly recommend it to all who have seen other *eights*. Valves are located for easy accessibility and the entire construction has that sturdiness so characteristic of the King. The Ward-Leonard electrical starting and generating system is included in the price and an engine-power tire pump is part of the regular equipment.

The King Motor Car Company is prepared to guarantee deliveries on this new model after December 30th. The four-cylinder model will, of course, be continued, as its popularity has steadily increased since its successful announcement last spring.

KING MOTOR CAR CO., 1300-1324 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52nd Street
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